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BEYOND THE
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BEYOND THE TIDE.

BEYOND THE TIDE

BY

H. M. POOLE.

*Far out to sea, where pale and clear,
The sapphire mountain peaks appear,
There far and faint the beck'ning shore,
Where dwell we ever, evermore.*

HARD & PARSONS:
NEW YORK.

11160

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OUR HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

Our home is beyond the tide, friend, —

Our home is beyond the tide,
Where the glorious city of light is seen
Whose gates are open wide.

Through the golden streets of that city fair
We soon shall pass along;

And a holy joy shall fill our hearts

As we greet the shining throng, —
Who walk those streets through the endless day,
Earth's dear ones side by side.

Oh! the bliss that waits us when we reach
Our home beyond the tide!

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,

Our home is beyond the tide ;

And we must not sigh for the earthly joys

Best wisdom has denied.

For the thorns of earth there are flowers in Heaven,

For its cares there is long repose,

For the vale of tears there's the mount of joy

Where the heart with rapture glows ;

Then with loving hearts we will do His will,

In whom our hearts confide,

And patiently wait for our turn to reach

Our home beyond the tide !

PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

THE UNSEEN CITY.

I think of a city I have not seen,
Except in my hours of dreaming,
Where the feet of mortals have never been
To darken its soft, soft gleaming;
A glimmer of pearl and glint of gold,
And a breath from the soul of roses,
With brightness and beauty all untold
Steal over my calm repose,
As I dream of a city I have not seen,
Where the feet of mortals have never been.

That beautiful city is home to me ;

My loved ones are going thither,

And they who already have crossed the sea

Are calling, "Come hither, hither."

Oh! the tender eyes that I worshiped here

From the golden heights behold me,

And their songs enchant the raptured ear,

When the wings of slumber fold me,

As I dream of a city I have not seen,

Where the feet of mortals have never been.

EMMA TUTTLE.

WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor

From the beauty of the hills,

And the sunshine, warm and tender,

Falls in brightness on the rills,

We may read love's shining letter

In the rainbow of the spray;

We shall know each other better

When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness

And forget that we are dust,

If we miss the law of kindness

When we struggle to be just,

Snowy wings of peace shall cover

All the pain that clouds our way,

When the weary watch is over

And the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,

As our Father knows his own,

Face to face with those who love us

We shall know as we are known.

Dove, beyond the orient meadows

Floats the golden fringe of day;

Heart to heart we hide the shadows

Till the mists have cleared away.

ANNIE HERBERT.

WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,

Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;

I rave no more 'gainst time or fate

For lo! my own shall come to me.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,

The friends I seek are seeking me;

No wind can drive my bark astray

Nor change the tide of destiny.

The waters know their own, and draw

The brook that springs in yonder height ;

So flows the good with equal law

Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,

The tidal wave unto the sea,

Nor time nor space nor deep nor high,

Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

BUILD THEE.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul,

As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"ONLY WAITING."

Only waiting till the shadows

Are a little longer grown,

Only waiting till the glimmer

Of the day's last beam is flown.

Then from out the gathered darkness,

Holy, deathless stars shall rise,

By whose light my soul shall gladly

Tread its pathway to the skies.

Only waiting till the reapers

Have the last sheaf gathered home,

For the summer time is faded,

And the autumn winds have come.

Even now I hear the footsteps,

And their voices far away ;

If they call me, I am waiting,

Only waiting to obey.

FRANCIS MACE.

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